

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY,

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For The Lily.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN ?

What is a gentleman?—pray tell,
A thing of broadcloth, starch, and linen,
With graceful air and genteel bow,
And smile sometimes most wondrous winning,
With Paris gloves, and boots to match;
And hat upon a head as empty,
With perfumed locks most nicely brushed,
And moustache that a Turk might envy?

Who thinks his washer-woman's bills,
Just fit to light his prime Havana—
Though he could give a diamond ring,
To rich Squire Jones' daughter Anna?
Who stares at all the "pretty girls,"
Whom *Fashion* may not chance to know;
Though to the handsome ball-room belle
He is a very genteel Beau?

Who, if upon the crowded pave—
Wealth's favored daughter he should meet,
Would most politely step aside,
And with kind words the fair one greet?
But if it were a servant girl,
Or weary seamstress hastening home,
Or care-worn mother, by whose toil
Her own and other's bread were won,—

Would coldly jostle her aside,
As all too low for his regard,
Nor strive by gentle words to soothe
The sorrowing ones with lot so hard?
If such a thing's a gentleman,
Then pray admire him, ye who can—
But I can see naught to respect
Or to esteem in such a man;

Far nobler he of humb'ler birth,
And dress unfashionably plain,
If in his heart fair Honor dwells,
And Truth, that falsehood would disdain—
The butterfly is much admired
In the bright sun's unclouded ray;
But is it still the same gay thing,
When comes the drear cold winter day?

CARRIE.

The best thing to give your enemy, is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men charity; to God, obedience.

—A young girl ran away from her home in western New York, and joined Franconi's Hippodrome. Her parents "telegraphed" her back—and she left her newly formed associates with tears in her eyes.

Written for The Lily.
JULIA GROVENOR.

BY M. MALCOLM.

"Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm and self-possessed."

"Only this one pledge, Charles," said Julia Grovenor, "and I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"With all due regard for your wishes Julia," replied the young gentleman addressed, "I should consider the giving of that one pledge derogatory to my manhood. It may do for the vacillating and weak-hearted whose moral strength of character is insufficient to keep them from intoxication, to join such societies and bind themselves by such pledges, but when you ask me to become a Good Templar, you plead in vain."

"Oh! say not so Charles," said Julia earnestly, "remember how many with as high prospects in life, and as proudly dependent upon their own strength as you are, have fallen. Remember the unnumbered temptations that surround on all sides the footsteps of the young, the generous, and the highly gifted; from each and all of which you would be perfectly free, were you to come out boldly and assume the position of a foe, not to Intemperance only, but to intoxicating beverage of every kind."

"Have you any fears that I will be overcome by such weak temptation as that of which you speak?" asked Charles, almost sneeringly.

"If you are in no danger," replied Julia evasively, "there are many of your associates now in the broad road to ruin, whom your influence, should you become a Good Templar, would aid in reclaiming; and some might by your example be induced to join us, and so be saved."

"You are an able advocate, I must acknowledge," said Charles more gaily, "but we have it from the best authority that 'wine is good, for it maketh the heart glad;' and besides you know that I am often placed in circumstances where I feel in honor bound to treat my friends."

"In honor, Charles?—feel in honor bound to give them that which kills the body and destroys the soul? which puts out the light of Reason, that living spark of the Deity within them? which ruins the faculties, and desolates the hearts and homes of thousands, and degrades the image of the Highest below the level of the beasts that perish? Oh! Charles, let not such a weak fallacy find place in your heart again. Your conscience tells you it is all wrong: and besides," added she after a pause, her voice becoming tremulous, and her eye moist, "will you not do it for my sake? Surely the sacrifice can not be so great but that you will comply with my request, when I so sincerely, so earnestly wish it?"

"I have said it was impossible, Julia," replied he sternly, "and you have no right to expect that, like a child, my determination can be changed by such persuasion."

The harsh words stung to the quick her sensitive spirit, and her woman's pride, but conquering by a strong effort the rising emotion, she answered calmly and firmly, "Then Charles, you know the result: the consummation of our engagement depended upon this one point. I insisted upon it

from principle; you have refused from pride. Henceforth we can bear to each other only the relation of friends."

"Then be it so, Madam, since thus you wish it," and bowing coldly, Charles Hamden left the house.

Julia Grovenor was the daughter of a wealthy merchant residing in the lovely and picturesque town of G— situated in the central part of New York. Her education had been liberal, and her naturally fine talents had had every advantage for cultivation and improvement. She stood the acknowledged peeress of the bright and talented circle in which she moved. Her beauty was striking and of a peculiar style. She was tall, but her form was full and delicately rounded. Her finely shaped head was covered with a luxuriance of dark and glossy hair. The forehead was not high, but of rare development; the nose prominent and exquisitely chiseled, though not large; the mouth small, but firmly marked and with that peculiar curve of the lip which is almost disdainful, when in repose. Her movements were airy and graceful, and her manners characterized by a sweet blending of dignity and simplicity which made all look up to her with reverence, while they loved her. But the chief power of her beauty lay in the expression of her deep, dark eye. Volumes could be read from that ever-speaking index of the soul. So calm, and comprehensive and self-relying her look when in repose; so brilliant and joyous, and merry when with the gay; so soft, and sad and loving when sympathizing with the sorrowful, and in all its variety of changes, so hopeful.

Julia Grovenor was indeed lovely in form and feature; but exquisitely beautiful was the formation of her inner life. She was the shrine upon which the affections of many a human heart were laid; but she rejected them all—not with triumph or in scorn, but with pity and regret. Many called her cold. How presumptuous the thought, to judge of the deep workings of another human heart! Impulsive she was not; her heart was capable of an attachment, deep and strong as Death—but not of that blind, passionate love which is so often mistaken for the pure element from above. Though young, she had studied well this ever changing panorama of hypocrisy through which we move. She had searched with keen, prophetic eye the great heart of mankind, and it lay unmasked before her in all its base corruption, and unmitigable selfishness. Some good she found there too, as in all error we find some truth, but she felt too deeply conscious of the value of the glorious power of love within her, to bestow it upon the corrupt and the unholy. She could not resist the consciousness that forced itself upon her, of the inferiority of all who had as yet sought her hand, though they were the choice ones of society, and the world pronounced them worthy, talented and good. Her sympathies went out in warm and genial currents to all around. The merry and light-hearted always found in her an interesting and gay companion: the sad and sorrowful, a kind comforter and friend; the weak and the erring, an encourager, a helper, a light to guide them from the dark paths of sin. Never, for fear of contamination, or the world's censure,

did she hesitate to speak kindly to the most degraded of God's creatures, or strive by her personal influence to make them better than they were.

She loved the beautiful things of Earth with an enthusiastic fondness; and yet her heart yearned with a deep earnestness for a human altar upon which to place its human affections—a worthy shrine whereon to lay its untold wealth of love. She sought for a pure, high soul that could answer back in quick vibration to the glorious hopes and aspirations of her own—for a kindred spirit in whose nobler nature the base alloy of earth was not predominant;—for one whose aims were high, who looked upon this passing life as a means, and not as an end; who lived for something nobler and better than the sublunary things of this earth can afford;—for one who scorned the low prejudices that govern to such an extent the masses of mankind; the paltry deceptions, and the unworthy ambition of the crowd,—one in whose heart the principle of *self-interest* was subordinate to the nobler one of doing good to others,—one whose life was a real and earnest strife to fulfill the high destiny of Man.

Such was her beautiful Ideal; unawares she had been looking into the mirror of her own soul when she drew the picture. Alas! vain was her dream "that earth things could be undefiled."

But lofty as was that Ideal, its personification she fancied she had found in Charles Hamden, a young lawyer who had come to her native town for the purpose of practicing his profession. Possessing rare intellectual endowments, and a mine of knowledge that seemed immeasurable, combined with peculiar beauty and a fascinating style of address, it is not to be supposed that Julia Grovenor could long remain indifferent to his pointed attentions. With her usual discrimination and judgment however, she endeavored to know him *well* before allowing her heart to become interested. She sought by every possible means to test his principles, and fathom his character. Public opinion said everything in his praise. They were often together, and his conversation was always a strain of pure and lofty eloquence. His learning was immense, and from that deep fountain she drank with thrilling delight. He spoke with such deep and just appreciation of the True and the Beautiful, and knelt with such reverential awe before the shrine of wisdom and virtue, that her heart was entirely won.

She cast the purifying halo of a deep and holy love around him, and through that medium even the eye of her well-balanced and penetrating mind, failed to detect the large amount of selfishness, existing it is true, in a refined state, but nevertheless as incompatible with pure love, as the grossest, in his heart.

She yielded to him her heart's best and deepest affections—not as a cringing menial who looks up to the one she loves as to a superior being, capable of guiding and directing her thoughts and actions, but she loved him as one whom she considered a fit mate for her own high spirit; one who would strive hand in hand with her against the evil for the good. Not with a self-annihilating, all-absorbing, but with a mutually elevating and purifying love she regarded him. And he loved her in return—as far as he was capable—but not as she, the noble, gifted girl, deserved to be loved!

Julia had marked with sad concern the ravages of the mighty destroyer, Intemperance, over the land, and particularly were her fears awakened for many of the young men with whom she mingled in social life, for much of their brilliancy and public celebrity were owing to the stimulus of the wine cup. Not that she condescended to mingle with those who were habitually given to excess, but moderate drinking she well knew to be but the beginning of a too often fatal career. She felt that something more efficient than "moral suasion" was necessary to arrest the progress of the mad destroyer, and hence she hailed with delight the organization of a Good Templar's Lodge in the town of G—; in which noble Order she was soon elected a prominent officer. Never for a moment doubting that Charles Hamden would be perfectly willing to co-operate with her in the new field of action, she took the earliest oppor-

tunity for broaching the subject—he having been absent at the time of the organization. What was her surprise to hear him not only express his entire disapprobation of her conduct in taking so prominent a stand, which he considered as altogether inconsistent with the "more retiring and refined nature of woman," but to speak of the thing itself as contemptuous and absurd. Her indignation was aroused, but with her characteristic calmness and self-control, she passed by in silence the unworthy imputation upon her own judgment of female refinement, and endeavored to overcome the first weak prejudice she had ever heard him express. But he was incorrigible; her arguments were listened to with cool indifference, or replied to by unreasonable answers, and soon the topic was dismissed.

Julia was not one to let light things trouble her, but she was in the habit of studying the bearing of minute circumstances upon the human character. There had been something in the conversation and manner of Charles this evening that was unusual and unsatisfactory. Why should he assume the right to judge and condemn her actions as he had done? Why should he be so opposed to the Temperance reform, when its urgent necessity was so apparent? These thoughts led on to deeper ones. She saw with a clearer eye, and trembled lest her confidence in him should find cause to be shaken. She knew that the wine cup often touched his lips, and she resolved to test the strength and disinterestedness of his love for her. Accordingly in one of his subsequent visits she requested that he should join the Society of which she was a member, and when he laughingly refused, she insisted upon it earnestly, and endeavored seriously to convince him of the necessity of powerful and efficient action. He tried by indifference and ridicule to drown her arguments, but her woman's heart was strong in a good cause, and before they parted that night she told him that upon his compliance with that one request depended their union. He treated this matter lightly, for he thought it was only a "woman's whim."

We have said that Charles Hamden was a genius. His *mind* was glorious; but his heart was vain and selfish; his nature stern, imperious and overbearing; his self-conceit was prodigious, though all this was veiled beneath a mask of conscious intellectual superiority, which all acknowledged who had seen or heard the effusions of his truly gifted mind. The weak minded among women he scorned, but he was won by the irresistible attractions of Julia Grovenor. So brilliant and fascinating in conversation, so gifted in mind, so pure in heart, so exalted in sentiment, and withal so calm and gentle in her queen-like majesty, he felt that she would be a priceless gem to wear upon his breast. A shining, polished mirror that would serve to reflect back his own light with increased refulgence.

But after a time her unyielding strength of character chafed him; his opinions had hitherto been as law and gospel with those of the fair sex with whom he chose to mingle, and he could not bear to have a *woman* stand up and answer his subtle sophistries with the words of calm and powerful reason. He was one of those who think that woman is made for loving, and should be satisfied with that.

As he became more intimately acquainted with Julia, and marked the lofty flight of her aspirations, the scope of her intellect, the breadth and depth of her thought, he felt that it was not with one whose "strength was in her weakness" that he was dealing, but with a spirit, high, and strong and powerful as his own. Some time had passed since her decision had been given in reference to his becoming a Good Templar. Little had been said upon the subject, and the evening upon which our story commences, he had called with the intention of hastening the time for their union—never doubting but he could easily overcome her resolution by argument and entreaty. He knew how well she loved him, and thought that eventually she would yield. It was a conflict of pride with him; one of deep and holy principle with her. He no more thought of yielding than the Sun would think of stooping to its worshippers, and when finally convinced of her calm, unwavering

strength, his pride and anger were ungovernable. Hasty and passionate words were spoken which could never be recalled. The unhappy termination of their conversation and engagement is already known.

When Charles Hamden left the house, Julia returned to the parlor—not to idly weep, to mourn that the pleasant places of her heart had been made desolate, and its fountain of fresh hopes and joys turned to the gall of bitterness, but to nerve herself with a giant's strength to meet the stern destiny that awaited her. She felt that the sweet dream of her life had vanished, like the summer flowers when the autumn winds come on; but alas! not like them to renew its brightness and its beauty on the coming year.

Long she sat and pondered upon the course she had pursued; and the result of her reflections was, that she had done *right*. Her heart yearned towards him whom she had so fondly loved, with a deep and passionate longing, but his haughty, dictatorial spirit had been plainly manifested, and she could not blind herself to the misery that would inevitably follow her union with such a one. If her influence would not avail her *now* in maintaining the position she had taken, and in guiding him from error and wrong, how much less so when he was conscious of the power which law and custom would give him as her husband. She felt that the ties which bound them together were forever sundered. He had heartlessly, cruelly wronged her; and though her heart yet clung to him with woman's devotion, her *soul* stood up in stern and proud rebellion, exclaiming, "alas! but he is not worthy!"

She bowed for a time beneath the overwhelming agony that came over her with the consciousness that she had been deceived. She had been burning incense upon the altar of her heart, to a false god. "O, Lucifer! Son of the morning, how art thou fallen!" Fallen from the high estate of honor, and noble integrity, and unselfish excellence where Julia Grovenor, in her own pure, exalted love, had fancied thee to dwell!

She saw him now as he was in truth, a transcendent genius, but a proud, heartless man. Possessing all knowledge of love, and truth and beauty, without the ennobling power thereof. A man in whose heart "the first person singular" stood prominent above all else. He courted the society of his fellow men that he might feast upon their praise; for well he knew the power over the minds of others, which his high intellect gave him. All acknowledged his greatness; but however Julia Grovenor *loved*, she could bow to the dictation of no man. She felt it to be a common wrong that the voice of the heart's inclination is oftener listened to than the calm decisions of the mind, and she had disciplined the turbulent emotions of her heart to *silence*, when the *soul* was calm in the consciousness of Right. No weak longing could move her from a purpose once resolved upon; and now, in this hour of bitter grief she felt the consolation of knowing that though her hopes were withered and gone, the sunlight of her heart clouded, and worse than all, her trust in human nature crushed forever, yet that the path of duty is the only one that leads to permanent joy, and the harder the struggle the sweeter will be the reward.

We have no bright day dawn to record in Julia's life. No meeting at last with a kindred spirit which had been wandering lonely and desolate, searching for its co-mate. She had *loved* once and of course she never loved again; "for the heart alone loveth wherein that love dieth not;" but she tried to fill the aching void by blessing others. Trials and bereavements fell upon the hitherto prosperous family of Mr. Grovenor. Pecuniary losses were often met. Embarrassments accumulated, and in the course of a few years he was obliged to withdraw from business, and part with his beautiful residence, that his debts might be justly and honorably liquidated. In all their reverses, Julia was the same cheerful and soothing companion; in all their trials and distresses, the same consoling, encouraging, steadfast friend. Upon her heart the heavy burden of concealed grief was ever felt; but she neither wept, nor tried to be unusually gay, nor pined herself into a decline; but in the ceaseless, unsatisfactory routine of domestic duties, which circumstances

compelled her to perform, she calmly lived out the oft told tale of many a woman's weary lot. Toiling and hoping, suffering and enduring, and striving after the *unattainable*, till the glorious powers are wasted, the shadows fall, and the heart grows cold in the vain struggle.

The rest is soon told. Charles Hamden left the town of G— for one of our western cities, where, like the meteor flashing through the starry sky, he pursued a brilliant but short career. His uncommon talents soon won him a high reputation and drew around him the intelligent and gifted of all circles. He was the polar star, brilliant and clear, around which the rest revolved. But the sparkling wine flowed freely; hearts grew merry over the intoxicating cup, and great souls stooped down to worse than beastly degradation.

It is unnecessary to follow Charles Hamden step by step through his downward career. His strong, passionate soul was not tempered to endurance. He drank deeply to drown the thought of Julia Grover, for though his unconquerable pride would prevent the acknowledgment ever passing his lips, yet he felt in his heart that her conduct had been noble and heroic. Gradually he sank from one degree to another of vice and shame. His glorious intellect became clouded; the brilliancy of his light grew dim, and at last went out in the cold, dark shadows of a *Drunkard's grave*.

Written for The Lily.

HARPER'S EDITOR AND THE WOMEN.

NO. IV.

The Editor has assumed that there is a "Divine and physical ordinance," which presents an insurmountable barrier to the progress of Woman's Rights. Hitherto he has labored that point with the zeal of a man who felt that his effort was the last hope between this world and its destruction. If he had stopped there, his readers might have believed in his sincerity, and however much they may have thought him to be mistaken, might have given him credit for being a Christian and an honest man. But in his very next position, he puts himself beyond any such charitable consideration.

"The most serious importance of this modern Woman's Rights doctrine is derived from its direct bearing upon the marriage institution." And that bearing, as its ultimate result, he claims, would reduce marriage simply to a civil contract. This is what he insists is of more serious importance, than his alleged transgression of the Divine ordinance. In this, he displays, either an utter infidelity in his former position, or an unpardonable indifference toward Divine ordinances.

His position also assumes, that heretofore marriage has been, and now is, as recognized and established by human governments and human laws, an institution either something more, or something less, at any rate, not simply a civil contract. He here exhibits more ignorance of the law than the law allows any man to possess, whom it regards as sufficiently intelligent and sane to be responsible to the law; or else, a reckless disregard of truth, not very becoming to his ecclesiastical pretensions. For however different the marriage contract may be in some of its incidents from some other contracts, in no state of the Union is it held to be other than a civil contract, regulated like all other contracts by the laws of the State. It is possible that matches may sometimes be made in Heaven, but it is equally possible, that sometimes, they may not be. And as it is not in the power of human tribunals to determine, one way, or the other, human laws have not made such possibilities, elements of the marriage contract. This, therefore, as yet the most serious of the Editor's objections, according to the several ranks which he assigns to them, has no existence except in his conservative fancy.

Immediately in connection with the last noticed position the Editor assumes another to which he gives an importance that but few of his readers will probably appreciate. He expresses it in these words: "where the wife and the mother are equally engaged with the husband and the father in all the employments of the same *forensic* life, they

may be styled joint partners in business, but are no longer 'members one of another.'" And then follows the inevitable consequence. "The holy marriage union 'becomes' the unholy *alliance* of concubinage."

In order to understand what he means, the reader will please to remember, that the Editor has already defined the word "forensic," as he uses it, as "including all political as well as judicial employment." The obvious and literal reading is, therefore, that when the wife and mother are engaged along with the husband and father in political and judicial employments, then marriage becomes concubinage. If this is the extent of his objection, it is so limited as to be of but little practical consequence, as but few comparatively are so employed. But, obvious and literal as it is, according to his own definition of terms, it is a little too absurd to attribute to any one.

There is a rule of construction, that whenever a literal, or common reading leads to an absurdity, it is not only allowable, but requirable, if it be possible, to force a meaning that is not so absurd. This is a case which calls for the application of that rule, if it can be applied. But he seems to have apprehended this very exigency and the contingent necessity of shutting out his proposition from any such relief, by expressly defining the word "forensic." In this he certainly labored under a misapprehension, for it would not relieve him, to extend to the word a signification broad enough to include his whole "outer life" as distinguished from his "inner." Because then, whenever the wife was employed along with the husband in his "outer life," the same dreadful consequence would follow. And if they were employed together in the "inner," or domestic life, why not equally joint partners, and equally subject to the same consequence? Are we not then forced to understand him as assuming, absurd as it may be, that whenever the husband and wife are employed together in a common business and with a common purpose, marriage sinks from a "holy union" to "the unholy alliance of concubinage?" There may be some doubt whether it is the character of the employment, or the being employed together, that in his philosophy works such a degrading change. Will the Editor explain?

The minor term, or connecting link between his premises and his dreadful conclusion, sheds no light on his meaning. This is it: "That which has no higher sanction than the will of the contracting parties, must of course, be at any time revocable by the same authority that first created it." That is, if there were no law to sanction and regulate the marriage contract, there would be no marriage only as the parties willed and as long as they willed. This is so self-evident a proposition as to be driving nonsense, and why it was wedged in, in that place, is not readily accounted for. It certainly would not be pardonable to charge upon any man a degree of mental imbecility that would allow him to indulge in the belief, that, if husband and wife should happen to have a common employment and a common purpose in life, that would necessarily abrogate the laws of marriage.

In the Editor's next position, however, the reader feels relieved in one respect. He can reach the meaning and fully comprehend the man and the principles which control him. Were the Editor the only one of the class, the subject would not possess sufficient interest to compensate for the study. But the window he has opened to his heart, exposes alike the feelings and motives of all his co-sympathizers. We learn just how to appreciate their loud professions of regard for social rights and domestic relations. When we hear men, whether in the pulpit, on the bench, or in legislative halls, or find them in editorial columns, preaching and writing about the violence to the sacredness of the marriage institution already perpetrated by the legislation respecting the property of married women, or further threatened by the Woman's Rights party, we know what they are, and what they are troubled about.

He says, "already have we gone far in that direction." That is, in securing to married women some right to their own property, "and unless our legislators retrace their steps, there is danger of the mischief becoming past all remedy."

To understand him, it is necessary to inquire what steps legislators have taken, which should be retraced "to prevent the mischief becoming past all remedy." In this country, a few and but a few of the States have changed the rule of the common and civil law in that respect, and none have changed it beyond securing to married women a separate property in devises, bequests and gifts, made after the passage of such law to those who were then married, and to those subsequently married in addition thereto, such property as they had at the time of marriage. But in no State has a married woman any property in, or right to her own labor, or its wages and profits, or the products of her skill, or the savings of her prudence. Those belong to her husband just as absolutely as though she were a chattel, bought and sold in the market-place. There are no exceptions. No matter how much she earns, how hard she labors, how naked or starved herself or children—whether he spends it in the rum-shop, the gambler's den, or the house of shame. The Russian serf enjoys greater personal rights. He can work part of the time for himself and own property of his own acquisition. She can do neither. The steps he asks legislators to retrace are those by which a part of woman's property is released from such a thralldom. This is the extent of the steps taken. If there is any mischief, there is the source.

But in the name of humanity, what is the mischief? In the State of New York, there have been six years to develop it, and where and what is it? Needy adventurers, too indolent to live by honest industry, may have found one source of plunder somewhat obstructed. It may not be so easy to provide resources of gluttony and drunkenness for a lifetime from the honest earnings of some other man, by taking a life-ownership of his daughter. Can the Editor point to any other mischief? If he can, will he, or some of his co-sufferers, have the goodness to do so? SENEX.

GENOA Feb. 5th, '54.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER,—I doubt not, you will pardon a *friend*, (though personally a stranger,) for addressing a line to you, to describe briefly the interest she feels for *your* cause. I term it *yours* for although my feelings were always keenly sympathizing with the widow, as situated in the last No. of the Lily, and a thousand other grievances that poor *weak minded* woman is compelled to suffer, yet I never named it until I read the first No. of your paper, when *that* spoke my mind so much better than I could express it myself or even *think* it, (for the future looked like a waste before me with the oasis few and far between;) but a *bright future* has already opened to our view, with all that we could wish for not within our *grasp* but fairly in prospect. Yes Mrs. Bloomer the seed sown the past year, will afford a much more abundant harvest than you anticipate. All great reforms, move with a slow but steady steps, but they are as sure to come, as day to follow night. "Progression will never cease, until time shall be no more." I consider equal Rights next to Temperance the greatest reform of the age—in fact one is impossible without the other. Give us the former and the latter is *ours* in a *breath*. Let us have the "Maine Law," then our energies shall be concentrated upon the one important reform of the important reform of the age, until the wished for goal is reached, when millions of desolate hearts, will be made to feel, as of old, the warm gush of affections long dormant. Why should we weary in well doing; when every day adds a new convert to our glorious cause; for it is impossible for a reader of the far-famed LILY, to bury its sentiments within his own breast; for whatever topic of conversation is touched upon, it will merge into the all-important subject of woman's rights. I still call it by that name, although it is not appropriate; for how many men are the victims of match-making mothers, or intriguing daughters and how can it be otherwise, while a girl to keep herself *marriageable*, must sacrifice the little earnings that would keep her from the poor house, in case of protracted illness, or old age.

These lines seem tame, compared with my thoughts or feelings, on this *great subject*. But I will save my arguments to convince the unconvinced and not waste them upon one already *RIGHT*.

SARAH.

THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, JUNE 1, 1854

The Editor is absent on a visit among her old home friends in New York, and will remain to attend the Annual gathering of the Temperance forces of the State at Utica, on the 7th and 8th of June.

Owing to our being one number behind, more articles for The Lily have accumulated on our hands than we are able to get in this number. Most of these will appear in our next.

We have on hand a number of pieces of poetry, or rhyme which it is probable will never appear in The Lily—first because we have not room for half that is sent us, and again because much of it is not worth publishing. The accepted pieces will appear in due time.

THE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION which assembled in this city on Saturday last, was attended by a goodly number of the most influential and long tried friends of the cause in the county. After a full and free interchange of opinions, it was resolved with great unanimity to recommend that an earnest and united effort should be made to secure the prompt and faithful enforcement of the new law passed by the Legislature of this State, to protect the people from the evils of Intemperance. There was also a general feeling expressed that this law was not all that was desired, and that while it should be made available as far as possible, for the purpose of putting an end to the traffic, the true friends of Temperance should labor as zealously as ever to secure the passage of a Maine Law, which experience has shown to be the only true remedy. Dr. Lewis Dyer, of Fredericktown, was President of the meeting, and C. M. Kelsey, of this city, Secretary.

A woman elected Supervisor!

Mrs. Adeline T. Swift, of Penfield, in this State, was elected Supervisor at the last election; but as the Constitution does not allow any but voters to hold office, she cannot carry out the wishes of the people, as expressed through their votes, by discharging the duties of the office with which they have honored her. She has issued an address to her constituents on the subject, a copy of which has been furnished us, and which we shall endeavor to make room for in our next.

Proceedings of the National Woman's Rights Convention held at Cleveland, Ohio, October 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1853.

This is a pamphlet of one hundred and eighty eight pages, being a full Phonographic report of the speeches and discussions of the three day's sessions. It will be found highly interesting and instructive and should be widely circulated. A few copies have been left with us for sale which we will furnish to those who wish them. It can also be obtained by addressing Mrs. C. M. Severance Cleveland, Ohio. Price 25 cents.

The Cincinnati papers say that several thousand barrels of hog's blood are used annually in that city, in the manufacture of sweet wine.—*Ex.*

How the lovers of good native wine must relish the beverage if they remember the hog's blood while drinking it.

I. O. of G. T. in Indiana.

LILY LODGE, Greensboro, Indiana. This Lodge was instituted May 4th by special D. G. W. C. T. Amelia Bloomer. The officers are, Joseph Butler, W. C. T., Emma B. Swank, W. V. T., Silas Small, W. S., Hannah J. Small, W. T., Samuel Kern, O. G., Phebe A. Simons, I. G., Charles B. Austin, W. C., Jesse West, W. F. S., Henry L. Henshaw, W. M., Emily Macy, W. D. M., Matthew Simonds, R. H. S., Susanna Simonds, L. H. S., Moses Swank, P. W. C. T.

BLOOMER LODGE, Knightstown, Ind. This Lodge was instituted May 6th, by special D. G. W. C. Amelia Bloomer. Officers elect:

Levi Griffith, W. C. T., Mrs. Lusina Goble, W. V. T., Charles D. Morgan, W. S., Mrs. Joana Fethean W. T., Mrs. Mary Bronson I. G., C. Riggs O. G., F. L. Goble W. M., Mrs. Sarah Swain W. C., Jesse D. Twist P. C. T., G. Weaver R. H. S., Mrs. Mary Lowry L. H. S., John White W. F. S., James Lowry D. M., Mrs. Rachel Griffith W. A. S.

Since our return from Indiana we learn that four other lodges had previously been instituted in that State. The following are the names and location of the lodges in Indiana so far as heard from.

1. Charleston, Charleston Clarke County.
2. Wayne, Economy, Wayne
3. Winchester, Winchester, Randolph
4. Indiana, Edinburgh, Johnson
5. Lily, Greensboro, Henry
6. Bloomer, Knightstown, Henry

We fully appreciate the honor intended us by our friends at Greensboro and Knightstown, in naming their lodges, and we shall ever feel a peculiar interest in their prosperity and welfare, both as societies and individuals.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL!—We hear it said that the new Temperance Law of Ohio, is unconstitutional. We should think quite likely. Every law that has ever been passed, designed to suppress the evils of Intemperance has been charged with being opposed to the constitution, not only of Ohio, but of every other State. We suppose, however, it is perfectly constitutional for men to get drunk, whip, beat and murder their wives, and convert themselves into very demons at pleasure. At any rate, that appears to be the view some judges take of the subject, and it is certainly the one most likely to propitiate the whiskey drinking class of voters, the men by whom our judges are made.

GOOD.—A woman near Mansfield, hearing that a neighbor was to have a raising, which her husband would attend, and hearing also that he intended to have a supply of liquor for the occasion, wrote to him that if her husband became intoxicated from liquor drunk at his raising, she would prosecute him to the full extent of the law. The result was, that the house went up without a drop of strong drink being offered to the men assembled to do the job.

PAINTERSVILLE.—We are glad to hear that the last grog shop has been closed in this strong Temperance village. The people assembled a few evenings since, to see the liquors poured out upon the public square, and to listen to speeches appropriate to the occasion. We heartily congratulate them upon so auspicious a result. Sorry that we could not accept their kind invitation, to be present at their Temperance Convention this week.

A Mother Stealing her own Children.

Mrs. Nichols, of the Brattleboro Democrat, thus describes an affecting scene which she witnessed in the cars:

The 12th of this month, I was on my way to Templeton, Mass., to lecture, by invitation, on Woman's Rights. About twelve miles from home, two men, one the High Sheriff of our county, came into the car, and after looking around, as though in search of some one, the elder man opened the door of the ladies' saloon, and directly the cry was heard—

"Oh, father! father! don't take away my children! They are my children—they are my children, father!"

I sprang to my feet, and being acquainted with all the parties, soon got an explanation. The old grandfather had come with a Vermont Sheriff to take from the mother his son's children, who had been taken from her by her husband, (whom she had left in Massachusetts for his drunken abuse,) and carried to his father in Vermont.

"She had stolen them," the old man said—(stolen her own children! almost equal to a man's stealing himself! I told him)—"and my son away in Indiana looking a place." She had besides, as he charged, stolen blankets and a bed quilt. (They were carried from her own father's when she married, but became her husband's, who transferred them with her children to his father.) Well, we had a Woman's Rights lecture, or they did. Every man in the cars was a Woman's Rights man on the question before them; and the fellows, after trying in vain to get the second child—they had snatched the eldest (four years old) before we knew what they were about—got off at the first stopping place. Then arrangements were made for its recovery. I took the little one, two years of age, along with me so Templeton, and the mother stopped at Orange, six miles below where the men had stopped, and assisted by a leading man of the place, providentially on board, sent a Sheriff back and brought the little one, and its kidnappers to Orange also. There they had to sit out the night under the care of a Massachusetts Sheriff, and learn, at a good round cost, that they were out of their jurisdiction, and had no authority to take the children from Massachusetts soil. The parties being all in the first class of wealth and intelligence in their own town, the matter has made a good deal of stir, and all for woman's rights to her babes. They were both girls, and two so perfectly beautiful children, in one family, I never saw, and their mother also young and beautiful. In haste, truly. C. I. H. N.

All the Temperance Organizations in this city, we are glad to hear, are prospering finely. Work on steadily, brothers and sisters, and you will some day be amply repaid for all your labors.

Licenses have been refused this year in a larger number of towns in the State of New York, than ever before. This is a good sign. The work of prosecuting for violations of the present laws goes on with much spirit and determination. Next year New York will have a Maine Law.

The new liquor law of Pennsylvania, like the new law of Ohio, provides penalties against the abuse of the traffic, but does not suppress it. There is the difficulty; prohibition complete and entire is the only true remedy—nothing else will save the people from the curse which drunkenness brings upon them.

We learn by a letter from JOHN RATTLE, D. G. W. C. T. for Ashtabula Co., that a New Lodge of Good Templars was instituted by him at Geneva in that county, on the 11th ult., of which P. R. Spencer is W. C. T. Brother Rattle also states that he has visited all the Lodges in Ashtabula Co., recently, and finds them all in a prosperous condition. We hear that a New Lodge has also been instituted in Ohio City.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN OHIO.

In *Senate*, Mr. Townsend, from the select committee, to which was referred the petitions praying that woman be relieved from certain legal disabilities, reported a bill of which the following is the substance:

It provides that hereafter married women shall have the same right to hold, own, manage and control property in their own name and right, and for their own use, and to contract and be contracted with, to sue and be sued, and maintain and defend all actions and proceedings in the same manner and to the same extent as male persons; and hereafter no husband, by reason of marriage, shall have or acquire any right to the ownership, custody, management or control of property owned by the wife at marriage, or which she may, during marriage, acquire; but all such property shall be owned and managed by the wife, in her own name and right absolutely; provided, that husband and wife may contract with each other, and sue and be sued by each other, the same as other persons.

That married women hereafter shall have the same rights of personal liberty and locomotion, to all intents and purposes, as male persons; and no husband shall, in any manner, by any proceeding in courts or otherwise, restrain or interfere with the same.

That in all cases of contracts respecting the custody of minor children and their guardianship, such controversy shall be decided by the proper court now or hereafter having jurisdiction; and no husband, as such, shall have any preference, or other or greater right than the wife; but such controversy shall be determined according to right and justice, having due regard to the situation, circumstances and qualifications of the parties interested.

That no father shall bind out, as an apprentice or servant, any child or children of such father, during the life time of the mother of such children, being the wife of such father, unless such mother shall assent thereto, and, with the father, execute the indenture or covenant of service.

That upon the death of any husband, leaving a wife, surviving heir, such wife shall succeed to and have the same rights of property in the estate and property of her husband by way of descent, distribution, dower and otherwise, as are or may be conferred by law upon husbands in the property of the wife, in case of the death of the wife.

Mr. Townshend also reported in form of amending the constitution, so as to strike out the words "White Male," the effect of which would be to give to women and negroes the right of suffrage in Ohio.

The report was laid on the table and ordered to be printed, but we believe no farther action was taken upon it by the General Assembly. This is the first report, so far as we know, made in any legislative body, in favor of granting to woman the right of suffrage; and though no further action was taken on the subject, we consider this an encouraging evidence of the increasing liberality of public sentiment, and an assurance that at no distant day the words "white male" will be stricken from the constitution.

LUCY STONE was prevented from attending the late anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, on account of the illness of her mother. Wendell Phillips alluded beautifully to this incident, on arising to speak in place of Miss S.. He said that the letter which had just been read from her, bore evidence that she felt the full weight and responsibility of her domestic relations, as tenderly and fully as any of those who were not identified with the great cause of human rights, and woman's rights of which she was so eloquent an advocate.

The Ohio Legislature, at its recent session, passed a very stringent law against the adulteration of liquors.

Governor Seymour fares hard with the Temperance press of New York. His pretended constitutional reasons for vetoing the Maine Law, have been scattered to the winds, shown to be wholly fallacious and unworthy of even serious consideration. He has also been shown to have violated his solemn pledges made while a candidate for the Governorship in 1852. He then promised to sign a Maine Law should one be passed—a promise he shamefully violated when called upon to fulfill it. "The way of the transgressor is hard," as Governor Seymour will find to his cost in this instance. His name will go down to posterity loaded with the execrations of thousands of the innocent victims of the awful traffic, which by his Veto he declared should be continued.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PETER PRY.—THE LILY is so small and so crowded with communications we think it not best to open its columns to the discussion you propose.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Port Jervis.—THE LILY is sent regularly as an exchange to the *Sentinel*.

McDonald, formerly of the Delevan House, Albany, has recently become proprietor of the Townsend House, Sandusky, which after a thorough cleaning and repairing is now open to the public. Mr. McDonald is a gentlemanly and obliging man, one well fitted for such a position; and had he excluded the fire-water from his house, we would recommend everybody to stop at the "Townsend." As it is we can only say to those who visit Sandusky, find a temperance house if you can; if you cannot, do the next best thing—go to the Townsend House.

DEACONESSSES.

That the peculiar gifts of the female sex might be made available for the outward service of the Church, in rendering the assistance of various kinds for which women are peculiarly fitted, the office of Deaconess was established, in addition to that of Deacon, at first in the churches of the Gentile Christians.—NEANDER, *History of the Church*.

It is well known that in the primitive Church there were women particularly appointed for this work. Indeed, there was one or more such in every Christian congregation under heaven. They were then termed Deaconesses, that is, servants—servants of the Church of its Great Master. Such was Phebe, mentioned by St. Paul, Rom. xvi. 1, "A Deaconess of the Church at Cenchrea." It is true most of these were women in years, and well experienced in the work of God. But were the young wholly excluded from that service? No! neither need they be, provided they know in whom they have believed, and show that they are holy of heart, by being holy in all manner of conversation.—JOHN WESLEY, *Sermons*, vol. ii. p. 335, N. Y. ed.

Ignatius, in writing to the Church at Antioch—of which he himself was pastor—says: "Salute the Deaconesses in Christ Jesus." Tertullian speaks particularly of a Deaconess who was of a very tender age. Their office was so respected, that a bishop was deposed for having received into it a woman who had been excommunicated; and it often fell to their lot to share the glories of martyrdom with the most holy confessors of the faith.

How long this order continued in the Christian Church is not absolutely certain. Up to the commencement of the fourth century it, however, preserved itself free from abuses, but became corrupted in the fifth and sixth, and ended by disappearing in the Latin Church in the eighth, when the Papacy became finally constituted. In the Greek Church this office continued several hundred years, and Deaconesses pursued their self-denying service in the Christian Churches of Constantinople to the close of the twelfth century.—WM. A. PASSAVANT, *Institution of Deaconesses*.

For the Lily

GETTING MEN'S WAGES.

BY MRS. JANE FRODOCK.

It was altogether an interesting event, especially to the "small fry," when in the days of itinerant tailors and shoemakers, those worthies with their curious "fixins," made their annual rounds. Among my earliest memories is the yearly visits of Taylor Hart and his wife; or Mrs Hart and her husband, as many chose to call them; for it was never satisfactorily decided which was the head of the family. To be sure Mrs. Hart bore her husband's name, and was legally subject to his control; that is, he regularly hired her out in "tailoring time" at one dollar per day, received and receipted her wages, and when her wages were disputed as being too much for a woman he protected her from those customary frauds that deny to woman equal pay as man for an equal amount of labor. In those defenses Hart was incontrovertably logical; (tho' usually considered but about half *com pos mentis*.) Somehow it is not yet clearly understood how, he made out that it was not only demonstrative, but self-evident that if an equal amount of labor was equally well performed, it merited equal remuneration, whether performed by one able to defend their rights by physical strength, or by one too weak to obtain by force their just dues.

On the other hand Mrs. Hart was one of those industrious, prudent, diplomatic bodies that knew just how to navigate the undercurrent of affairs, and control everything in her own quiet way; using by proxy her husband's legal, logical, and physical powers in her superintendence of their numerous family. Fortunately Hart was one of those rare simpletons that knew just enough to understand his own incompetency, and being too indolent to be ambitious, he wisely yielded to his wife, not only the full control of their affairs; but the use and behoof of those masculine prerogatives that were so very convenient in securing her just recompense.

Often in my childish ignorance of customary injustice did I wonder at the excitable discussions, concerning Mrs. Hart's wages. My artless judgment favored the pale slender wife who worked on incessantly, stitch, stitch, stitch, from early morn till nine at night, with scarcely a pause; and I could not understand why her doubly earned wages should be disputed, while her great stout husband who rested whenever he pleased, received his without a question.

During the many long years that have passed since then, woman's wrongs have become as familiar as the changes of day and night; and though I have seen much artful maneuvering, and real sagacious shrewdness made use of by women in order to obtain by stratagem that justice which law and custom have denied, yet never have I seen another woman who so completely outwitted law, customers, employers, husband, and all; nor have I ever seen another who, either directly or indirectly, obtained the same amount of pay as men for an equal amount of labor.

But the *why* has gone forth, and echo has answered, Why? Woman again repeats, why? and demands to be answered. And never again will she silently submit to such inequalities without some juster reasons than those found in the traditions of laws, and customs handed down from brutal and barbarous ages.

MT. CARROLL, ILL., May, 1854.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Letters containing money for THE LILY have been received from the following persons since our last number was issued:

Sarah Boyer, C. M. Price, Mrs. C. Underwood, Mrs. A. Bemis, Mary J. Thomas, M. E. Partridge, Ann E. Whittemore, J. E. Bridgman, B. H. Ward, Mary M. Andrews, H. C. Turrell, L. Linton, M. E. Richmond, J. Warner, Levantia Cooper, Mrs. E. G. Ellsworth, Irene B. Merwin, Amanda M. Way, J. Allen, S. A. Bowe, John Hukill, A. M. Corey, H. N. Butt, E. P. F. Bradner, Sarah B. Wheeler, M. S. Severance, Laura Newberry, Ruth L. Gage, Harriet N. Carpenter.

For the Lily.
IS IT RIGHT TO STAY?

BY MRS. E. K. BLACKFAN.

"Have you read the story of Kora Wait, Emily?" said Mrs. Stevens to her daughter-in-law who sat gazing upon, and listening to her little Charlie, a boy of three or four years.

"Yes, mother, I have read it," said the daughter, and a short pause ensued, when Mrs. Stevens continued.

"Your devotion to that child, Emily, has caused me many reflections of sweet and bitterness. When I look upon him in the future, I see him as his father now is, my son, and your husband, a once promising and intelligent young man; but now, a revelling, inebriate, living and drinking up your earnings, Emily. And with these in view, I have, after a struggle between affection and duty, nerved myself for what you may call an unnatural undertaking. I would work your deliverance from the life you now lead."

"Heaven grant that you may, mother, for my sufferings are becoming too mighty to bear; poverty, starvation, and his long continued abuses, and the world's cold scorn, have I borne without a murmur. Yes, three of the five years of our wedded life, have I submitted to it all, but I cannot bear it much longer, nature is becoming exhausted; health and reason I fear must soon give way. There cannot be a sorrow great as mine; O, poor little Charlie, what will become of him? how pale and thin he looks."

"Every heart knows its own sorrows," quoted Mrs. Stevens, "yet yours are as light as to darkness when compared with mine. I have borne all that you have borne, and much, much more; and yet I live. Not only a husband, but a son are lost to me. And that you may never experience all that I have, and that your sufferings may not be lengthened or augmented, that you may be saved the most severe and bitter trial to which a mother can be doomed, and that rum and its consequences may not annihilate your natural feeling, I have concluded to tell you all."

"Is there then, a hope?" said Emily, while an awakened and grateful feeling shone in her moistened eye.

"Yes, my child, if it may be called hope."

"Pray tell me then, for I am yearning for something to ground a hope upon. I cannot perceive a greater perversion of nature than for men to leave their homes of love and purity, to wed themselves to rum and riot."

"Emily," said her mother, with an effort that caused her to tremble in every limb, "we must leave James, and go away from here. I have looked at it all, have felt more than you can feel, and there is more for me to bear than you have ever known."

"I know it all, mother, or at least I know that I must do something beside staying here."

"We both know," said her mother, without seeming to notice her daughter's remark, "what it is that keeps James from us on this, as on many previous nights; we both know where he is; we know too that the destroyer that is upon him will pursue him to his fireside—that soon this, the first home of your wedded love must become the property of the rumseller, and that to you and me its hearth will soon be dark and cold forever. I know this is a dreary picture to look upon, but the worst has come; your fortitude that has borne you up through all the past, I trust will not forsake in the future. You have talents and intelligence, you may yet take a better position in society; you once had vivacity and all the qualifications that render one's society desirable; but poor dear, how have they all been crushed?"

"O, mother," cried she, and the long pent up waters of affliction gave way, she wept long and bitterly; her tears flowed free and fast, and with them passed away the remnant of that beautiful, but troublous dream, that had for years bound her heart, that deep shrine of her affections. After a time Mrs. Stevens renewed the subject. "I beseech you, Emily, to exercise that energy and courage which I know you possess, and that few women are without when their great trial day comes on."

"I will try, mother, I will do anything to escape the treatment I have been subject to so long; I am ready."

"We'll then," said her mother, "I am cruel, yet kind enough to repeat, we must fly this place—and leave James. O, Father in Heaven strengthen me—leave him at least, till he shall become a sober, upright man, a son, a husband, a father and protector. Can we longer bear it here? When have we tasted food?"

"A little longer," said the stricken one, "and then, my strength must fail, I cannot bear it long."

"Without reverting," interrupted the mother, "to your many privations, and long sufferings, and the cold scorn you bear, even from the upholders of the liquor traffic, I consider the possibility of your adding offspring to share and increase your wretchedness and inherit their father's failings, sufficient to make you dread a longer stay; that is more to be dreaded than all. Why, why," cried she with increasing agitation, "do I speak of this, and encourage you to leave your home and husband? Oh! my son, my son! child of my early love, my first, my only child—and yet I had another; little Ella—but she was a drunkard's child; aye, this is why I speak; draw nearer while I tell you," but emotion overcame the grief-stricken woman, and she buried her face in her hands and sat long and silently.

"Mama, is Charlie's tato done? Charlie's hungry; don't cry so, mama, but come and get the tato." The young mother arose and went slowly to the fire, took out the potato and gave it to her pale and hungry child. "It's good mama," said he, then silently and thoughtfully eat his scanty supper. When he had finished, he said, "why can't mama buy Charlie a nice little wagon and candy, and such pretty things as papa used to have when he was a little boy?"

"Hush darling, here, take a drink, and let me put you in your little bed."

"But mama, Charlie gets so cold with nothing but that old, ragged cover on—so cold!"

"Hush dear," and the mother laid her darling down on his little bed of straw, and slowly and sadly sang,

"God of the orphan, if thou hearest
Prayers like mine ascend thy throne,
Thou wilt guard him, thou wilt shield,
Or take him early, all thine own."

This was the first time she had ever felt that she could yield him up to the great protecting Parent; but not the first that she had feared the young innocent might become a sinful, wayward man. And as one thought followed another, she asked "Is it right to stay?"

Thus was her mind occupied, when Mrs. Stevens raised her head and said, "You say you have read the story of Kora Wait—tell me what you think of it."

"I thought at first, mother, that she was not a dutiful wife; but when I recollected my own case, and thousands that are no better, I felt that nothing but suffering unutterable could have taken her away from her husband and home. It seemed the only hope; and that a slender one indeed, for happiness. It seems that while there is no law to prohibit the sale of liquors, they will be made, and sold, and drank; and homes, where love and harmony should dwell, will be made the scenes of riot, oppression, and sorrow unspeakable; and mothers, wives and children may endure and suffer on, or resort to the dread alternative of separation, and that, however unprofitable of happiness, cannot add much to the misery of such as her and me."

"You speak truly, my child, for until there is a law to prohibit the making and vending of the body and soul destroying fire, the machine will still go on, for it may be compared to one whose propelling power is gold. My history, and yours, Emily, alone call loudly for a 'Maine Law'; and there are enough like ours to swell such a cry, as would make the hills and valleys reverberate from the Atlantic to the utmost bounds of civilization, far toward the setting sun."

"Mother, if I should go and leave James, for I feel that I must go, you will not blame me will you? You know what I have to bear here," and she raised her eyes to her mother as she sought a reply. The countenance of Mrs. Stevens was livid, and her lips quivered as she again said,—

"Draw nearer to me child, while I tell you why I have spoken to you of going away from here, I, your husband's mother, and one who has acted the part you now contemplate—I must go back and tell you all."

"I was a trusting and dutiful wife. When Mr. Stevens and I married, we both had what was called a good beginning; we were each others help in feeling and in deed. We were in this happy state of existence, when there came to our town, a man, to obtain license for selling rum, and other intoxicating beverages. The men, in and about the place, were temperate; they had heretofore had nothing to make them otherwise, and they trusted their untried strength and granted it, and you may judge, for you can judge the state of my feelings when I was forced to believe that my husband was fast becoming a—sot; and as the destroyer tightened his hold upon him, so did his care and kindness to me and his boy relax. He became tyrannical and abusive, and so negligent of his business and us that even James, young as he was, felt the change deeply and bitterly; for his father had before kept his little treasury stored with pleasing toys; but now there was no money for anything but rum. Thus near had he, (or we I may say) reached our ruin, when little Ella was ushered into existence. And, Emily, I cannot tell to you, and I pray Heaven you may never know by experience, the state of my feelings when I beheld, not a cherub babe with smiling, dimpling cheek, sent to cheer our then darkening home, and strengthen our bond of union, but a bloated drunkard's image. O, Emily, I hope you never will,"—and musing for a short space, she continued.

"I was a believer in impressions, or psychology as it is now termed, and little Ella was a complete verification of that belief; bred and born amid the noise and fumes of her father's drunken revels, a marked, yet sinless victim. Poor little unoffending thing; the sins of the father had indeed fallen heavily upon his child. The few weeks of her existence were moaned away, when her little spirit fled forth from the burden that was too monstrous to be borne. And I wept the tears of joy when the earth closed over her, and hid her unseemly form and face from my sight forever. And then it was, by the side of that little grave, that a light broke over me; I saw that I had erred by living so long in that home of wretchedness. Then it was I felt that love bestowed upon a sot was sensual, selfish, and not holy love. Then it was I internally vowed to live with him no longer. I felt that a higher and a holier destiny was my birthright; and I asked for light for aid and counsel on my path to duty; and though I well knew the law had no sympathy for me, yet I knew that God was with me, for I felt my spirit glowing and expanding beneath the radiations of that light I had solicited. I knew by exertion I could maintain myself and James—whom like a kidnapper, I must bear away by night—which I did, and worked my way to the then far West, where I too fondly hoped that rum and its worshippers might not find us out. But the destroyer had gone before us. I was, however, fortunate enough to hire in a good family at honest occupation, believing that none should be too proud to do for others what their own limited means prohibit them from doing for themselves. I was industrious and saving of my wages, and could have maintained more children had I been obliged to do so; I was therefore able to keep James at school till he grew up and went forth into the world. He might have created for himself and me, and you, a high and honorable position; but the dark hour came; and—Emily, you know the rest, too well—but yet you do not know all; and in a stifled tone she added, "his father is not dead, but has found his way here. I have seen him, but he did not recognize me. He could take my earnings from me, for so the law allows; but the little that I may obtain must never go again for rum. I must go from hence, I mean to breathe God's air free from the taint of rum."

"Where, mother, will you go? for I am going with you; it makes me feel like sinking down to die, to be left here alone, and none to love or cheer but little Charlie—poor little tender one! I felt to-night as I bent o'er him while he slept, that

something must be done; have I done my duty as a wife, mother?" continued she.

"Yes, my daughter, and I would that I could say you have met a just return—but we must not dwell longer on our woes, what seems best for us to do, let us do, and falter not. I must go away, come with me if you will. I cannot urge your stay, though Heaven knows the mother's heart is strong within me yet; but O, the memory of my own and little Ella's wrongs, has given me strength for this."

"I cannot stay here longer," said the injured young wife, "I'll sell the ring he gave me, to help us on our way—emblem of endless love—O, mockery! Hark! I hear him coming—O, how I dread his raving. I will go," continued she, trembling, yet towering in her resolution, I will not dare not longer stay,—to-morrow,—

God grant me strength, and make my burden light, I will go forth and battle for the right."

For The Lily.

The Five Points of New York—An Appeal for the Degraded.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Three blocks from Broadway, that great thoroughfare of New York which is graced on either side by every magnificent and useful production of art, and through which pours a tide of fashion, wealth and beauty, stands that haunt of vice and crime known as the Five Points. There, in the very center of the great metropolis—the city of wealth and benevolence—of missions and philanthropic associations—of schools and of churches—the city where noble, liberal men and pure, earnest-hearted women are continually concocting schemes and carrying out enterprises for the good of the oppressed and degraded, the cry of whose wrongs is only echoed in their ears—Poverty, Ignorance, Vice and Heathenism have chosen their abode, and there the spirit which says "stand aside for I am holier than thou," which passes by on the other side and gathers up its flowing garments from the touch of contamination, has left them long to dwell. The cry of their great need resounded at the very doors of New York palaces—but the echo of the wailing of the far-off people sunk in a less degrading heathenism, was more musical in the ears of those who dwelt therein. And so the cry was unheeded, and crime, and want remained unnoticed in their chosen retreat till their swarming progeny became like the locusts of Egypt, a fearful curse.

But light at length shone upon this abode of darkness. Some ladies of the city commenced a Missionary work there. This took place, I think, some four years since, and a blessed change has been the result.

Where the name of God was never heard save in fearful curses, the voice of prayer and praise now daily resounds. Children growing up there in want and ignorance, almost beyond description, have been rescued and taught the truths of religion and participated in the privilege of education. Men and women, lifted from the depths of the most fearful and revolting vices, have learned that even for them there is yet hope, a certainty of relief; and that kind hands will lead their trembling footsteps toward the long-forsaken paths of virtue. The streets through which no person could pass, scarcely even by day, without fear of robbery, or assault, are now safe and comparatively quiet.

And yet the work is only begun. At the House of Industry, under the superintendence of the Rev. S. M. Pease scarcely more than one-sixth of the applicants can be received. Yet in their school-rooms some two or three hundred of these rescued children of vice and poverty are daily receiving instruction, while their work-rooms are filled with men and women voluntarily renouncing their evil courses and devoting themselves to a life of industry and sobriety.

Some three hundred of these wretched outcasts and Pariahs have been sheltered under that roof the last winter, and grounds have been purchased and buildings are in process of erection, a few miles from the city, where many more can soon be accommodated. Besides those who permanently

reside in the Institution, great numbers of outdoor applicants are relieved. Those who labor in the work-rooms have the whole proceeds of their labor, save the small amount subtracted for their board. Thus they are enabled to earn an honest subsistence. They are clothed for a time from the stores of the Association accumulated from the gifts of the charitable.

The Ladies' Mission, which, from some little understood cause, is inimical to Mr. Pease, does not I believe conduct its operations upon this plan. But Mr. Pease assures me that, when first commencing his operations as Missionary, and when engaged in the distribution of tracts and bibles he was often told by degraded women, especially, that they did not wish to read them. They only tortured them by displaying the certainty of future misery from which there was no escape. Reform, to them, had become impossible. No one would give employment to thieves and prostitutes and for them there was, on earth, no alternative save starvation or vice. They did not need to be told that they were vile and degraded, nothing but intoxication, even for one moment, destroyed the fearful consciousness of that fact—what they needed was the means of escape. He was struck most forcibly with this thought and hence was originated the scheme of offering to these degraded brothers and sisters the means of self-elevation, through honest industry, at the same time that the light of Christian truth, and the promises of the gospel should be offered them.

I had intended to say more of the wretchedness in which women and children live, in some of the horrible dens of filth and misery, within hearing of the sacred songs which now arise from those noble Institutions—to have told the readers of The Lily of scenes I have myself witnessed in that neighborhood, but I fear I shall trespass on the time of those readers, and the space which I have no right to occupy.

There are some tales of the rescued which have been related to me and which I would like to pen here, but for the present I must forbear. Another time I may tell you of a morning at the Five Points.

Now I would only say that here is an appropriate work for women. Who of the readers of The Lily—what woman but will feel that those suffering and degraded sisters—fallen, and hurled by the dictum of social law, to the depths of a misery the virtuous can never appreciate, but only pity, have some claims upon her? Sisters, I appeal to you in the name of all that is sacred in the words Mother, Wife and Home! I appeal to you for suffering children defrauded of every hope and every blessing! Will you not aid this work?

You may say they are afar from us and have no claim. Are they not as near as those for whom your sympathies have been aroused far beyond the sea? Have they not the claim of a common humanity, and are they not children of the same Father?

Who of the women—readers of The Lily—will respond to this call and forward their mite to the aid of the Rev. L. M. Pease at the Five Points House of Industry, New York? I believe there are some who, for the hope of saving the fallen of their own sex, will do something—some mothers who, for the sake of those suffering, almost imbruted children, will do something. Let them think of it.

I have long pondered how I might aid this benevolent scheme, and without ever being asked to do so have penned this appeal to my sisters. Let the response but be as earnest and a great work will be somewhat aided.

THE WORLD'S REFORMERS.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—It has been long since I have "prisoned thoughts," for the ever blooming LILY which has even increased in vigor since having been transplanted. It comes so laden with the wealth of hearts and depths of mind, I feel that what I may write will be a sorry intrusion; yet would I speak of the Reforms and the Reformers of the World.

We occasionally hear the remark made, "that the world is growing worse, and if something does not interpose to check the fanaticism of the age, there will soon be nothing left but anarchy and

confusion." I can but pity the ignorance which makes the assertion. The most cursory glance over the records of the past will show its fallacy. The maledictions of these persons are leveled at reformers; yet these despised and persecuted reformers are to be the spirits of Light, descending to the age which is to follow. Thus has it ever been. From the depths of the recorded past come to us, in a line of continued light, the names of those who have suffered either spiritual or physical martyrdom for the love of Truth and of mankind; yet the good they strove to accomplish, though trampled by their own generation in the dust, in that which succeeded sprang up and blossomed, and in time matured its wholesome fruits; while those who opposed it were sleeping forgotten in unhonored graves.

Thus, through the unrequited presentry save that high-born sense of Truth and Justice, incited by love, which ever yields a rich incense to the heart, have the reformers of every age stood forth bold and undaunted, conspicuous marks for those who chose to entrench themselves behind their ignorance and bigotry, and level their hostile weapons at their devoted heads. The true reformer cannot look to the present for reward, except what his own consciousness of right yields; the future alone is his. The present belongs to those who have gone before him, and whom the masses are gazing back upon and worshipping, while cursing him for adding a more brilliant ray to the lights of the past; so have their fathers done by those to whom they are now paying homage. The masses can only see through the medium which has surrounded them from their birth. Their mentality is not strong enough to bear a new light. All change to them must be so gradual as scarce to be perceptible.

It requires a strong will, an abiding faith in Divine Wisdom, and a deep love of Humanity to become a true reformer. Hence, the weak shrink from the task, the wavering dare not trust the end, and the selfish, wrapping themselves in the garments of popularity, repose in the security of the present. Happy are they who have the strength, trust and love for the great work of the world's regeneration; for the wise of their own time shall see wherein is their true life, and shall follow them, and the generations that shall come after them shall rise up and bless their names. Such have been those who shine in brightness on the page of History. Do we see there any weak, selfish, or bigoted spirits, turning the world's darkness into light, and "making the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose?"

How pure and noble are the blessings which come upon the honest laborer for the world's redemption from sin and error! They are the influx of that inner life which cometh from Divine Goodness. Blessed are they who have the strength to do the will of their Heavenly Father which abideth in their hearts. E. P. T. B.

FLORAL HILL, MICHIGAN.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS—This beautiful Temperance Order is making rapid progress in Pennsylvania and is destined to wield a powerful influence for good. It is but little over a year since the Order was introduced into the State, and it already numbers about one hundred and seventy Lodges, all in good working condition. The grand feature of the Order is its sociality, and this accounts for its popularity and unparalleled success. Here, brothers and sisters meet together, to propagate the principles of "Faith, Hope and Charity," and unitedly labor for the success of "the cause of all mankind."

We should not be surprised if, in two years from this time, a Lodge would be organized in every town and hamlet in the State. We mentioned, a few weeks ago, that there were some forty Lodges in Tioga county; we might have added that there were about the same number in Bradford county. In temperance cannot exist in connection with this organization.—Crystal Fountain.

—The Free Church Society in Cazenovia, N. Y., have invited the Rev. Miss Antoinette Brown to become their pastor.

For The Lily.
SATURDAY NIGHT.

This is the hour for quiet happiness.
The labors of the week are passed,
And all Creation seems gladly waiting
For the coming day of rest.
Blest hour! that brings the laborer from his toil,
To the enjoyments of his fireside, and the glad
hearts
Of his own happy family; made happy by the
return
Of him who lights their eyes with joy,
And fills their hearts with love, by his own kind
And gentle voice. It is the time when most we
feel
The sweet delights of home. A foretaste of the
hour
When we shall leave this world, with all its cares
and sorrows,
For one whose blessedness cannot be told by mortal
man;
Where the pure spirits of the blessed shall meet;
To sing eternal praises to the name of Him
Who died to save us. But in all earthly sweets
There is a bitter drop. "No rose without its
thorn."
And as it oft occurs, the fireside is made desolate
By the absence of one of that loved number,
Who, separated by distance, meets not the happy
circle
At this devoted hour. But if we only mourn
Because they meet us not at Satur's eve,
How grateful should we be, that the foul fiend of
Bacchus
Has not them allured, so that their presence
Would only add more bitterness to the cup already
full.
Thousands on thousands mourn, while we rejoice;
rejoice
That though now separated, soon we shall meet
The absent ones, while they fear the dreadful end
Of those who by temptation are led on step by step
To the lowest hell—a drunkard's grave.
How shall they stand who have thus robbed
So many families of earthly happiness and bliss,
And their poor victims of life, and joy and bliss
eternal?
Their night shall not precede the Sabbath day of
rest;
But conscious of their guilt, will be to them
The "worm that never dies."
FREETOWN CORNERS.

Extracts from LILY Correspondence.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—Woman's ambition has
never extended beyond the fooleries of false soci-
ety to which she is bound. Having never yet
willed to be free, she consequently remains in
bondage. And so long as she is content to travel
the same road of her grandmothers and great-
grandmothers there is no hope of her redemption.
She must first sensibly feel the oppressive state of
society, and the injustice of the laws to which she
is bound to submit, and then make an effort to
ameliorate her condition. But thanks to this age
of improvement, woman is beginning to open her
eyes and see the condition of things as they are,
and is beginning to feel her own responsibilities,
and her natural capacities for meeting those re-
sponsibilities. Her mind is expanding, her sphere
enlarging, her natural aspirations for the accom-
plishment of high and noble purposes continually
increasing; and she feels it a duty she owes to
herself and the whole human family to use her ut-
most exertions in developing and cultivating her
own mind; thereby preparing herself for instilling
into the minds of all, and especially the young,
those truly moral and refining principles which
are destined to banish all vice and vulgarity which
exist in society. Such a reformation is greatly
needed, and if we would unite our efforts we
could eventually do a great deal of good. Women
should meet and organize societies, hold frequent
meetings, and discuss freely all subjects which lie
at the foundation of all evil, human suffering, mis-
ery and degradation. There are evils which can-
not be banished unless woman takes an active
part in the cause, and proves herself a champion
on the side of justice, truth and morality.
Yours for the cause of Woman,
D. A. S.

There are beauties of character which, like the
night-blooming Cerus, are closed against the glare
and turbulence of every-day life, and bloom only
in shade and solitude, and beneath the quiet stars.

GARRETTSVILLE, March 17th, '54.

MRS. BLOOMER:—I enclose two dollars for The
Lily, to be sent to the names on the Prospectus.
Would be glad to say ten times two, for we have
need of Temperance papers and lectures too in
this vicinity. Wish some of our strongest and
most thorough temperance women could come
this way and wake up our temperance folks, if we
have any. We once had, but they seem to be
sleeping. I look around, and on one side, a wo-
man with four children is beaten, and driven from
their home by a thing the world calls woman's
protector. A little farther on, a woman with three
children, all in rags and filth, still clinging to their
rude home, for it happens in this case the woman
does the whipping herself and occasionally breaks
up the bottles and gives the earth a drink of the
delicious stuff. Again, another still, with pale,
sad face and furrowed cheek, that tells of silent
anguish and heart-strings severed one by one, till
scarce a shadow of her former self remains. I
sometimes look at her and almost wish she might
pass to her spirit-home—but no, she may not die;
she has three sweet little girls, seemingly so many
little cherubs sent to woo their father back to his
manhood; but an amiable wife, lovely children
and kind friends could not prevail against the en-
ticements of the poison cup; and now I fear there
is no hope—unless it be in the Maine Law. The
bloated face and almost idiotic grin tell a tale
that makes the heart sick.

Respectfully,

A. L.

Utica, May 3d, 1854.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—I have been but a short
time a reader of the Lily; but I already love to
inhale its sweetness so well that I was quite impa-
tient of the delay which you have so satisfactorily
explained. I pity those men who were thus turned
out of employment. I mean I pity the small
share of humanity that entered into their com-
position, so beclouded and bedimed with tobacco
smoke and selfishness that it could not show its-
self aright. I am a friend to woman's rights—a
friend to human rights. I would not advocate
the rights of one part of mankind to the detri-
ment of another part. I would not advocate
any rights for woman that would infringe upon the
rights of man, or diminish his happiness; nor is it
necessary. The real natural rights of the sexes
do not clash but harmonize most beautifully.
man was created male and female, by one and the
same Creative power.

Woman was last formed and given to man as a
companion and help-meet—not a help eat merely
nor yet as a 'guardian angel,' as she is sometimes
called. The Bible does not treat her either as
being superior or inferior; but as an *equal* with
Man, a sharer in the duties and responsibilities of
life. Yet by some means, I know not whose fault
it is, she is sometimes degraded to a state of slavery
the victim of man's tyranny; sometimes exalted
far above him; as a being for whom he must sweat
and toil, while she would deem it degrading to
soil her delicate hands in any useful labor. The
latter class are the most violent opposers of wo-
man's rights. "What," says one, "do you think I
would come down to be on an equality with man,
and share his labor? No indeed! he was made
to work and provide for woman, and he shall do
it as far as I am concerned." This sentiment is
often expressed both in word and deed by the
fair ones who love to be waited on, flattered and
admired.
HANNAH J. HUNT.

NORTH EAST CENTRE, April 20th, '54.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—"Though cast down we
are not destroyed." Our Prohibitory Law is post-
poned for the present. The rummies say it is dead
and buried. If *this* is true, we shall soon have
a glorious resurrection. Miss Torrey was anxious
that some of our Temperance men should emigrate
to Ohio. Please to ask her if Gov. Seymour and
a few Members of the last Legislature will not
answer every purpose? They can be spared. The
ladies of New York will bear the Governor's
traveling expenses to any part of the known or
unknown world. The Czar of Russia needs his
assistance and would no doubt give him some
good lucrative office—perhaps make him Corporal.
BECK.

ANNUAL MEETING

Of "The Womens' N. Y. Temperance Society."

This Society will hold its Second Annual
Meeting at Utica, on the 7th and 8th days of
June, 1854.

The opening Session will be at ten o'clock, A.
M., and it is hoped that members of the Society
generally will then be present. The Annual Re-
port of the Executive Committee and Treasurer
will be presented.

In view of our disappointment in not obtaining
a Prohibitory Law to take effect in May of the
current year, and of the recent act of Governor
Seymour in vetoing the Temperance Bill, passed
by both branches of our Legislature, the Society
feels that renewed and more vigorous efforts on its
part are demanded. We do therefore most earn-
estly invite all friends of Temperance; all in fa-
vor of Legal Prohibition; all who are in favor of
the efforts of Woman in the cause; all Societies;
"Divisions," "Unions," "Circles," "Lodges," and
every organization that has Temperance for its
object, to send Delegates and to meet with us pre-
pared to present resolutions, to speak, and act, and
labor together with warm hearts and ready hands
unitedly and faithfully in this great work of hu-
manity.

Come Brothers, Sisters, one and all. Lend us a
helping hand in rebuking the wily artifices of po-
litical factions; the deep laid schemes of aspiring
demagogues, in putting *our veto* upon this *one man*
power, and in ridding our land from the evils
growing out of this legalized Liquor Traffic.

We are happy to say that the hospitality of
friends in Utica is tendered to the Executive Com-
mittee of this Society and also to Delegates from
other Societies, during the meeting.

The Agents of the Society, whose self-sacrificing
labors have done so much toward creating a sen-
timent in favor of Legal Prohibition, will address
the meeting at its different sessions. Also Mrs.
Nichols, of Vermont, Mrs. Bloomer, of Ohio, Mrs.
Harris, of Elmira, and other women of talent and
ability. It is also further expected that Neal
Dow, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. E. H.
Chapin, Rev. W. H. Goodwin, Rev. Samuel J.
May, T. H. Brown, of the Cayuga Chief, A. Hol-
ley, of the Wyoming Mirror, and other warm-
hearted laborers in the cause will be present to
lend interest to the occasion.

MARY C. VAUGHAN, President.

ANGELINA FISH, Cor. Secretary.

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